

# READINGS BOOKLET



## GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30  
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1984

**Alberta**  
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION  
ENGLISH 30**

**PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)**

**READINGS BOOKLET**

**GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS**

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination presents 80 items in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.**

**YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.**

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

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**JUNE 1984**

- I. Read "A ticket to a boring Sally Ride" and answer items 1 to 8 from your Questions Booklet.

### A TICKET TO A BORING SALLY RIDE

Before we spoiled things, outer space was a fascinating idea. American children would lie awake at night imagining how neat it would be to glide through the galaxies, fighting for truth and justice on this planet or that, romancing cosmic gods and goddesses and then rocketing away for further adventure and new conquests in the name of virtue and right. Those were times of unspeakable innocence, of course, and they are lost forever. Now we routinely blast off and land again a few days later, and, not surprisingly, the whole thing has become tedious.

The problem goes beyond the simple facts of jet propulsion and ceramic heat shields. More than a triumph of engineering, our space program represents a crisis of personality. As a class of human beings, astronauts are not intriguing people — or maybe they are intriguing people, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has forbidden them to prove it. Probably both come in play. The astronauts are not, by nature, interesting, and even if they were, NASA would insist that no one ever know.

A major factor is that spaceniks tend to be physical culturists very much dedicated to jogging and racquetball, and the preoccupation, in itself, goes a long way toward explaining their dullness. As a general rule, individuals with square jaws, flat stomachs, and iron-trussed thighs are too consumed by their own infallibility to deal on a meaningful level with those of us who eat pastrami sandwiches and drink Hawaiian Punch and think it peculiar that anyone would want to run around the neighborhood half-dressed at six o'clock in the morning. We are not in their league, let alone their orbit.

Also, they talk funny. Everything is an acronym — APV and PAM and STS — as if too many syllables would somehow weigh down the spacecraft and keep it mired in the sand of Cape Canaveral. Expansive earthlings who sprinkle vowels and consonants around as though there were an inexhaustible supply somehow are made to feel improvident and profligate. The astronauts have a secret language, lean and mean and to the point. We don't know what it is they are talking about and, let's face it, they seem intent on keeping us in the dark.

All of which brings us to Sally K. Ride. Exceeding curiosity accompanied the Challenger shuttle flight because she was aboard — a woman in space: think of it! Oh, brave new world. T-shirts urged, "Ride, Sally Ride," and for the launch Jane Fonda and Gloria Steinem were padside. "If I were in my teens and I read about her," Fonda said, "I would certainly consider science or engineering which I never would have before." Steinem also thought Ride would profoundly affect the next generation. "It's an important first," she said, "because it means millions of little girls are going to sit in front of the television and know they can become astronauts after this."



40 For her part, Sally Ride evidently was not the sort of little girl inclined to sit in front of the television searching for appropriate role models. On her own she succeeded, and one might suppose there are young women — and young men — sprinkled here and there around the country with enough vision, energy, ego and ambition to, likewise, reach for the stars, so to speak.

45 Sally Ride's importance is not based so much on evidence that she has considerable smarts (she is an astrophysicist) and the requisite determination to enter the space program, or even that she overcame what must be agreed were the enormous odds a woman faces if, in all the world, she wants most to be packed like a smoked oyster into a compartment the size of a hall closet and then hoisted, abruptly, 180 miles above sea level. All astronauts are heady and ambitious and, to a greater or lesser degree, had to beat the odds. (Soon to be suited up is Guion S. Bluford, a black astronaut. You want to talk about overcoming! You want long shots!) Ride's special virtue is that she has none — that she is so much like the male space cadets who preceded her, so utterly and convincingly their equal. Just as determined. Just as disciplined. Just as fearless. Just as predictable.

She prefers not to speak about herself — Ride has turned down 1,800 requests for interviews — and when, finally, she is cornered, says wearily that she doesn't like the word "tomboy," that, no, she doesn't cry much, isn't the least afraid of space travel and, most important, wishes everyone would stop thinking of her as exceptional. It is just too much of a burden, this business of immortality. "I'm not historical material," protested astronaut Ride. One might have reminded her that "historical" qualities rarely are of consequence in the United States. Success is its own reward. We only need turn to the White House for confirmation.

How encouraging it would have been to learn not that Sally Ride despises fame but that she sort of likes a touch of glitter now and then. How reassuring to discover that, two times a week, she hangs out at a country-rock place where the bartender knows her only as Sal and that, oh, around 11 p.m., she grabs the mike and belts out endless torchy stanzas of "Heart Like a Wheel." Or, better still, that after a hard day in the flight simulator, Sally Ride likes nothing more than to head for the Houston suburbs and, after a hello kiss for hubby Steven Hawley (also an astronaut — can you stand it?), open a box of chocolate-covered cherries, take the cover off her typewriter and hammer away on the next chapter of a novel with the working title *Summer of Sin*.

Frailty is what's missing here — a modicum of failure or indecision or carelessness. In the old days, Flash Gordon could afford to be perfect. Blond and boyish and forever on the heels of Ming the Merciless, he was only a flicker on the local movie screen, a dream that recurred every Saturday morning just as certainly as popcorn and Junior Mints. In fiction, anything can happen. Life, though, is more complicated, or ought to be.

Should NASA now begin recruiting melancholy country singers and paperback novelists? Part-time striptease artists or folks who lose too much at the tables in Las Vegas? Probably not. Understandably, the government wants only the highest-calibre people handling so much million-dollar machinery. Runners and astrophysicists, endive-eaters and overachievers with precision-built jawbones. From them you get maximum efficiency and a minimum of words. You get excellent heart rates. You get performance. Inspiration? Sorry, that's another department.

Fred Bruning

II. Read "1956: The Ambition of the Eldest Son" and answer items 9 to 15 from your Questions Booklet.

1956: THE AMBITION OF THE ELDEST SON

Running the horses,  
my shirt flicking behind me like wings  
when the land made room for me

I did not see my ambition then,  
5 how it turned my head to peer down the road:  
I dreamt car instead of animal

and trusted none of the women  
home-grown by the same tall teachers  
(it would have been like marrying

10 my sister, I needed distant flesh, not  
the mouths that held old words  
about me), and walking down the lane

nothing reached out to hold:  
I saw green drown or burn or  
15 knocked to the ground, as the dead are

laid out, punctured and dry.  
I embraced the road instead, my father's  
not-speaking as if he knows

we must ride as the mother says  
20 into the cities, into the houses  
keep wordless between the white lines

steadying the self as we pound home  
toward the bright children sprawled before  
gadgets, in the rec room I am building

25 under the ground, out of love, I stay  
ahead of longing: which is a wasted field  
nothing to plough under

a narrow field where the hot animals  
must stand day after day  
30 waiting for the gate to come open

*Dale Zieroth*



III. Read “Eveline” and answer items 16 to 27 from your Questions Booklet.

EVELINE

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odor of dusty cretonne.<sup>1</sup> She was tired.

5 Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it — not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children  
10 of the avenue used to play together in that field — the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep *nix*<sup>2</sup> and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather  
15 happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

20 Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on  
25 the wall above the broken harmonium<sup>3</sup> beside the colored print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.<sup>4</sup> He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

“He is in Melbourne now.”

30 She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a  
35 fool, perhaps, and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

“Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?”

“Look lively, Miss Hill, please.”

40 She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married — she, Eveline. People would treat her with

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>cretonne – patterned cotton cloth

<sup>2</sup>*nix* – watch

<sup>3</sup>harmonium – a musical instrument, a reed organ

<sup>4</sup>Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque – patron saint of peaceful home-life

respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. 45 She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was 50 nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages — seven shillings — and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his 55 hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late 60 under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work — a hard life — but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, 65 manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair 70 tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see *The Bohemian Girl*<sup>5</sup> and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, 75 she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He 80 had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet<sup>6</sup> in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

85 One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favorite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed;

<sup>5</sup>*The Bohemian Girl* – operatta about a girl whose life is filled with both adventure and security

<sup>6</sup>fallen on his feet – met with good fortune



90 he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

95 Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odor of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the  
100 last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

"Damned Italians! coming over here!"

105 As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being — that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

"*Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!*"<sup>7</sup>

110 She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He  
115 held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress,  
120 she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long, mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

125 A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:  
"Come!"

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them; he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

"Come!"

130 No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

"Eveline! Evvy!"

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a  
135 helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

*James Joyce*

<sup>7</sup>*Derevaun Seraun* – after the pleasure comes the pain

- IV. Read Excerpts P and Q from *Much Ado About Nothing* and answer items 28 to 38 from your Questions Booklet. Items 28 to 31 are based on Excerpt P. Items 32 to 37 are based on Excerpt Q. Item 38 is based on Excerpts P and Q.

*Benedick, a young lord from Padua, and his friend Claudio, a young lord from Florence, are visiting in Messina where Leonato is governor. Leonato has a daughter, Hero, with whom Claudio is in love, and a niece, Beatrice, who is sharp-tongued and who is indifferent to Benedick.*

#### Excerpt P

from the play **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II, Scene iii**

**BENEDICK** (*alone on stage*): I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no  
5 music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet: he was wont to speak plain, and to purpose (like an honest man and a soldier) and now is he turned orthography — his words are a very fantastical  
10 banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell — I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one  
15 woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none: virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her: mild, or come not near me: noble, or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God.

*William Shakespeare*



*Leonato, Claudio, and other characters in the play decide to attempt to make a match between the sharp-tongued Beatrice and Benedick. They decide to have Beatrice overhear a conversation in which they will state that Benedick loves her but is afraid to speak up. Then they will have Benedick overhear a conversation in which they will indicate that Beatrice loves him desperately but has vowed to die rather than divulge her affection. Here, Benedick has just emerged from the shrubbery behind which he was hidden while Claudio and the others “revealed” Beatrice’s love for him.*

### Excerpt Q

from the play **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II, Scene iii**

**BENEDICK** (*alone on stage*): This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady. It seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited.<sup>1</sup> I hear how I am censured — they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come  
5 from her: they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair — ’tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous — ’tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument  
10 of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor? No — the world must be  
15 peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

*William Shakespeare*

<sup>1</sup>requited – returned

V. Read “Naming of Parts” and answer items 39 to 45 from your Questions Booklet.

NAMING OF PARTS

To-day we have naming of parts. Yesterday,  
We had daily cleaning. And to-morrow morning,  
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,  
To-day we have naming of parts. Japonica<sup>1</sup>  
5 Glistens like coral in all of the neighboring gardens,  
and to-day we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this  
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,  
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,  
10 Which in your case you have not got. The branches  
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures  
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released  
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me  
15 See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy  
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms  
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see  
Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this  
20 Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it  
Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this  
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards  
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:  
They call it easing the Spring.

25 They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy  
If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,  
And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,  
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-blossom  
30 Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards  
and forwards,  
For to-day we have naming of parts.

*Henry Reed*

<sup>1</sup>japonica – red-flowered ornamental shrub



**VI. Read the excerpt from *Becket* and answer items 46 to 53 from your Questions Booklet.**

from **BECKET**

*Thomas Becket and King Henry II of England were very close friends. Becket became Archbishop of Canterbury at the King's command because Henry believed that through Becket he would be able to control the Church in England.*

*As Archbishop, Becket took his allegiance to God and the Church as a serious duty and found that he could not serve both God and the King. Henry felt betrayed and after a bitter quarrel Becket escaped to France to save his life and make an appeal to the Pope.*

*Eventually the king of France was able to persuade the two men to make their peace with each other. This scene, taken from Jean Anouilh's play, Becket, records their first meeting after the quarrel and separation.*

*When the lights come up, Becket and the King, on horseback, are alone in the middle of a vast, arid plain, facing each other. Becket is to the right of the King. Throughout the episode the winter blizzard wails like a shrill dirge beneath their words. And during their silences only the wind is heard.*

5 **KING:** You look older, Thomas.

**BECKET:** You, too, Highness. Are you sure you aren't too cold?

**KING:** I'm frozen stiff. You love it, of course. You're in your element, aren't you? And you're barefooted, as well.

**BECKET** (*smiling*): That's my latest affectation.

10 **KING:** Even with these fur boots on, my chilblains are killing me. Aren't yours, or don't you have any?

**BECKET** (*gently*): Of course.

**KING** (*crackling*): You're offering them up to God, I hope, holy monk?

**BECKET** (*gravely*): I have better things to offer Him.

15 **KING** (*with a sudden cry*): If we start straight away, we're sure to quarrel. Let's talk about trivial things. You know my son is fourteen? He's come of age.

**BECKET:** Has he improved at all?

**KING:** He's a little idiot and sly like his mother. Becket, don't ever marry.

**BECKET** (*smiling*): The matter has been taken out of my hands. By your Highness. It was you who had me ordained.

20 **KING** (*with a cry*): Let's not start yet, I tell you. Talk about something else.

**BECKET** (*lightly*): Has your Highness done much hunting lately?

**KING** (*snarling*): Yes, every day. And it doesn't amuse me any more.

**BECKET:** Have you any new hawks?

25 **KING** (*furiously*): The most expensive on the market. But they don't fly straight.

**BECKET:** And your horses?

**KING:** The Sultan sent me four superb stallions for the tenth anniversary of my reign. But they throw everyone. Nobody has managed to mount one of them, yet.

30 **BECKET** (*smiling*): I must see what I can do about that some day.

**KING:** They'll throw you too. And we'll see your buttocks under your robe. At least I hope so, or everything would be too dismal.

**BECKET** (*after a pause*): Do you know what I miss most, Sire? The horses.

**KING:** And the women?

*Continued*

- 35 **BECKET** (*simply*): I've forgotten.  
**KING**: You hypocrite! You turned into a hypocrite when you became a priest.  
(*Abruptly*) Did you love Gwendolen?  
**BECKET**: I've forgotten her, too.  
**KING**: You did love her. That's the only way I can account for it.
- 40 **BECKET** (*gravely*): No, my prince, in my soul and conscience, I did not love her.  
**KING**: Then you never loved anything — that's worse. (*Churlishly*) Why are you calling me your prince, like in the old days?  
**BECKET** (*gently*): Because you have remained my prince.
- 45 **KING** (*crying out*): Then why are you doing me harm?  
**BECKET** (*gently*): Let's talk about something else.  
**KING**: Well, what? I'm cold.  
**BECKET**: I always told you, my prince, that one must fight the cold with the cold's own weapons. Strip naked and splash yourself with cold water every
- 50 morning.  
**KING**: I used to, when you were there to force me into it. I never wash now. I stink. I grew a beard at one time. Did you know?  
**BECKET** (*smiling*): Yes. I had a good laugh over it.  
**KING**: I cut it off, because it itched. (*He cries out suddenly, like a lost child*)
- 55 Becket, I'm bored.  
**BECKET** (*gravely*): My prince. I do so wish I could help you.  
**KING**: Then what are you waiting for? You can see I'm dying for it.  
**BECKET** (*quietly*): I'm waiting for the honor of God and the honor of the King to become one.
- 60 **KING**: You'll wait a long time, then.  
**BECKET**: Yes. I'm afraid I will.  
(*There is a pause. Only the wind is heard*)  
**KING** (*suddenly*): If we've nothing more to say to each other, we might as well go and get warm.
- 65 **BECKET**: We have everything to say to each other, my prince. The opportunity may not occur again.  
**KING**: Make haste, then. Or there'll be two frozen statues making their peace in a frozen eternity. I am your King, Becket. And so long as we are on this earth, you owe me the first move. I'm prepared to forget a lot of things, but not the fact that I am King. You yourself taught me that.
- 70 **BECKET** (*gravely*): Never forget it, my prince. Even against God. You have a different task to do. You have to steer the ship.  
**KING**: And you — what do you have to do?  
**BECKET**: Resist you with all my might, when you steer against the wind.
- 75 **KING**: Do you expect the wind to be behind me, Becket? No such luck! That's fairy-tale navigation. God on the King's side? That's never happened yet. It's a head-on wind. And there must be somebody to keep the watch.  
**BECKET**: And somebody else to direct the wind for God. The tasks have been shared out, once and for all. The pity of it is that it should have been between
- 80 us two, my prince — who were friends.

Jean Anouilh



**VII. Read “Dusk on English Bay” and answer items 54 to 60 from your Questions Booklet.**

**DUSK ON ENGLISH BAY**

- The lighting rooms perfect a chequerboard  
Across apartment boxes. Through the popcorn  
Reek, hotdogs and chips, the air lets fall  
A rain of quiet coolness on the flesh. The calling  
5 Bathers trot the footpocked sand on legs  
Unsexed by distance, waving arms severed with twilight.  
From the whitening ribs of the raft divers  
Flash cream arcs across the expiring  
Sunset, and are quenched. Beyond the bay the files  
10 Of regimented lamps are pulsing evenly  
On the long tamed whale of Point Grey. The evening  
Star detaches and floats into the chartreuse heavens,  
An arrested rocket. The moon, behind a row  
Of moons along the promenade, contracts and yellows  
15 Upward. Night's dissolvent eats into the west,  
Browning the stippled mauve, the copper sulphate,  
Paling and paling the opal, melting the latest  
Speck of robin's eggshell into the Gulf of Georgia,  
And ever over the Pacific pursuing tomorrow's sun.  
20 But tomorrow's sun is clean escaped  
And rushes down through Asian skies, garish  
With burst of shell and unarrested rocket,  
And burns on Libyan sands, by bombs  
Cratered and red with libations poured to the guns.  
25 Past Narvik's blanching hulks the morrowing sun  
Is flying, over the Mediterranean's smudged  
Embattled sharks, and the sailors quenched, and climbing  
To stricken dawn in England, widening his light  
On limbs unsexed and severed, and the rain of iron  
30 Cooling the flesh, and the stench of the flesh cooled,  
While the flame untamed probes the tenement ruins.  
Speeding and soaring he comes, the Atlantic sighting,  
And there is no Joshua can brake his flight, nor  
Any clutch of ours can hold this precious night.

*Earle Birney*

**VIII. Read “On Right and Wrong” and answer items 61 to 67 from your Questions Booklet.**

**ON RIGHT AND WRONG**

Early last year, I was asked to speak to a group of junior high school children on the subject of “Science and Creativity.” Thinking that nothing could be as creative as Einstein’s theory of relativity (what could be more creative than refashioning our fundamental notions of matter, space, and time?), I decided to  
5 try that out on them. All went well until the end, when a girl in the back asked: “But what if Einstein was wrong?”

What indeed? It was a fair question, to be sure. Science seems littered with mostly forgotten remnants of “wrong” ideas. Heat is not a fluid; the earth is not flat; the planets do not revolve in perfect circles on fixed celestial spheres; and  
10 Mars is not covered with canals. No luminiferous ether pervades our space, undulating invisibly as a carrier of light. On the other hand, empty space is now — incredibly — described as curved, and even vacuums are said to come in several exotic varieties. It seems as if the outrageous ideas of yesterday are the scientific facts of today — and vice versa. So why shouldn’t Einstein be wrong?

15 In truth, Einstein will almost certainly be proved wrong in the long run. Or, at least wrong in the sense that he himself proved Newton wrong. But “wrong” is obviously the wrong word for it. The girl’s question reminded me of a conversation I once had with MIT<sup>1</sup> cosmologist Philip Morrison about whether some current views of the universe were “right” or “wrong.” Finally, Morrison  
20 said to me: “When I say the theory is not right, I don’t mean it’s wrong. I mean something between right and wrong.”

The territory between right and wrong, however, is uncomfortably unfamiliar to most of us — especially when it comes to science. “It’s a scientific fact” is virtually synonymous with “It’s absolutely true.” Smearing social theories with  
25 shades of grey is one thing, but everyone knows that scientific knowledge is black and white. Or so goes the common misconception. . . . “Truth (as we perceive it today) is the only arbiter and the world of past scientists is divided into good guys who were right and bad guys who were wrong” writes Stephen Jay Gould in *Ever Since Darwin*.

30 Nobody is more clearly a good guy today than Einstein, at least in part because he was right about things that even the great Newton had wrong. Newton thought that time and space were invariable, and Einstein proved they were not. Yet Newton’s “wrong” ideas still are used to chart the path of space shuttles and to place artificial satellites into near-perfect orbits. Apples still fall and the moon  
35 still orbits according to Newton’s formulas. For that matter, Newton’s theories work well for everything in our daily experience. They break down only at extreme velocities (approaching the speed of light), where relativity comes into play, or at extremely small dimensions, where quantum theory takes over, or in the presence of extremely massive objects such as black holes.

40 Einstein proved Newton wrong only in the sense that he stood on Newton’s shoulders and saw things that Newton could not see — like what happens to time and space under extraordinary (to us) conditions. Mostly, Einstein proved Newton *right*, since his theories were built on Newton’s foundations. Einstein took Newton’s notions and stretched them into a new dimension, made them broader,  
45 bolder, more sophisticated. But if Newton’s ground had not been firm to begin with, Einstein would have fallen flat on his face. . . .

<sup>1</sup>MIT – Massachusetts Institute of Technology



. . . New ideas expand, modify, and limit the old ideas — but rarely do they throw them out the window. For centuries, people argued over whether the wave theory or the particle theory of light was correct. But light turned out to be both:  
50 part wave and part particle. Both theories were right, but limited. A correct theory requires aspects of both.

Unfortunately, categorizing ideas as clearly right or wrong retains immense philosophical appeal. No one likes being left in an intellectual purgatory. No wonder the slow evolution of scientific theories is usually perceived as a series of  
55 revolutionary coups. “Scientific revolutions are not made by scientists,” says physicist Hendrik Casimir. “They are *declared* post factum, often by philosophers and historians of science. . . . The gradual evolution of new theories will be regarded as revolutions by those who, believing in the unrestricted validity of a physical theory, make it the backbone of a whole philosophy.” . . . Yet modifying  
60 a theory in light of new insights or discoveries hardly destroys it.

Right ideas are seeds that tend to flower into righter ideas, whereas wrong ideas are sterile and do not bear fruit. Right ideas have deep roots that often make surprising connections between seemingly unconnected things, and have an uncanny knack for turning up the unexpected. Once Newton got the right idea  
65 about gravity, he explained a great deal more than falling apples. And once Maxwell got the right idea about light, Hertz knew where to look for radio waves. Even the ether was right enough to clear the way for further discoveries. At least, it posed the right questions.

Wrong ideas, on the other hand, are just plain wrong. We know for a fact  
70 that the earth is round and not flat. Or do we? When you think about it, the difference between a round earth and a flat one is really one of perspective. The earth certainly seems flat enough when you walk around town. You can only see the curvature when you look from a broader perspective — as Erasthenes and Columbus did. Indeed, space-time itself only begins to look curved when your  
75 measurements cover a large enough territory. In the same way, quantum mechanics and relativity offer a larger perspective on classical physics, taking it into new and uncharted realms.

Wrong, in other words, more nearly means limited. It implies that something has been missed, that some part of nature has kept itself hidden beneath the surface.  
80 It does not imply that the person who is wrong is misguided. . . .

. . . So of course Einstein was wrong. He could not resolve every unanswered riddle, or foresee every possible consequence of his own conclusions. He could not—any more than could Newton—claim to be all-seeing or all-knowing. People who do claim to be completely right about the fundamental nature of things are  
85 not in the business of science. Right and wrong in that sense are not questions of science. They are only matters of dogma.

*K. C. Cole*

**IX. Read the excerpt from “Everest: The Expedition Chronicle” and answer items 68 to 74 from your Questions Booklet.**

**from EVEREST: THE EXPEDITION CHRONICLE**

In the hours preceding the full moon of September 3, 1982, Tim Auger, a 36-year-old mountaineer with the Canadian Mount Everest Expedition, was awakened from an uneasy sleep by ominous rumblings in the Khumbu Icefall, a treacherous 2,000-vertical-foot maelstrom of shattered ice lying just above Auger's tent at the Canadian Base Camp. It was shortly after midnight, the night clear and still, cold but brilliant with reflected moonlight — and filled with the sound of thousands of tons of ice slowly stirring, groaning in its steep glacial bed, restlessly moving at up to three feet per day toward the valley below. The noise was distressing, for the icefall was the Canadians' chosen approach to the mountain's summit, 12,000 feet above, and the team of 16 climbers and 29 Sherpas had been nervously threading its way through the maze of precariously balanced blocks and spires almost daily for two weeks.

The icefall was rarely silent, but tonight it was particularly vocal, answering the summons of the moon, and to Auger, the noise seemed the harbinger of a youthful demise, both unpleasant and swift. In another five hours, Auger and three others were to climb again into the maw of the crystalline beast, this time to ferry out the body of climbing comrade Blair Griffiths, caught and crushed between two toppling columns of ice the day before. From the warmth of his sleeping bag, Auger calculated the odds and found them against him. As a climber with nearly 20 years' experience and as an alpine rescue specialist with Parks Canada, he had witnessed more than a score of serious accidents and had retrieved bodies from many. This, though, he allowed himself, was different, more personal, more menacing. Still sleepless at four o'clock, he radioed Lloyd Gallagher, a good friend and the expedition's deputy leader, who was camped above the icefall, trapped on the mountain by the same icequake that had claimed Griffiths' life.

“Lloyd,” Auger said, “I can't sleep, and I'm really scared. I'm going up tomorrow because it looks like this will be the last thing we do on the mountain and I feel I owe Blair and the climb that much, but I've got to say I don't ever remember feeling this way before. I feel like I'm in Vietnam, and I don't even have a bloody rifle.”

If Auger had trepidations, he had good cause. Two years earlier, while climbing Mount Logan, Canada's highest peak, he had ridden an avalanche 2,000 feet down the mountainside and, shortly thereafter, had had an enraged grizzly bear shot off his back. Number three, he felt, was waiting in the wings, and he now found himself on an expedition seemingly bent on disaster.

*Bart Robinson*



**X. Read the excerpt from “Revenge” and answer items 75 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.**

from **REVENGE**

*Rhoda and her five male cousins are staying with their grandmother. The boys have constructed a broad-jump pit where they practise pole-vaulting. They refuse to let Rhoda join in their activities. She strongly resents being excluded.*

... People came from all over the Delta. There were tables with candles set up around the porches and sprays of greenery in every corner. There were gentlemen sweating in linen suits and the record player playing every minute. In the back hall Calvin had set up a real professional bar with tall, permanently frosted glasses and ice and mint and lemons and every kind of whiskey and liqueur in the world.

I stood in the receiving line getting compliments on my dress, then wandered around the rooms eating cake and letting people hug me. After a while I got bored with that and went out to the back hall and began to fix myself a drink at the bar.

I took one of the frosted glasses and began filling it from different bottles, tasting as I went along. I used plenty of crème de menthe and soon had something that tasted heavenly. I filled the glass with crushed ice, added three straws, and went out to sit on the back steps and cool off.

I was feeling wonderful. A full moon was caught like a kite in the pecan trees across the river. I sipped along on my drink. Then, without planning it, I did something I had never dreamed of doing. I left the porch alone at night. Usually I was in terror of the dark. My grandmother had told me that alligators come out of the bayou to eat children who wander alone at night.

I walked out across the yard, the huge moon giving so much light I almost cast a shadow. When I was nearly to the water's edge I turned and looked back toward the house. It shimmered in the moonlight like a jukebox alive in a meadow, seemed to pulsate with music and laughter and people, beautiful and foreign, not a part of me.

I looked out at the water, then down the road to the pasture. The Broad-Jump Pit! There it was, perfect and unguarded. Why had I never thought of doing this before?

I began to run toward the road. I ran as fast as my Mary Jane pumps would allow me. I pulled my dress up around my waist and climbed the fence in one motion, dropping lightly down on the other side. I was sweating heavily, alone with the moon and my wonderful courage.

I knew exactly what to do first. I picked up the pole and hoisted it over my head. It felt solid and balanced and alive. I hoisted it up and down a few times as I had seen Dudley do, getting the feel of it.

Then I laid it ceremoniously down on the ground, reached behind me, and unhooked the plaid formal. I left it lying in a heap on the ground. There I stood,

*Continued*

35 in my cotton underpants, ready to take up pole-vaulting.

I lifted the pole and carried it back to the end of the cinder path. I ran slowly down the path, stuck the pole in the wooden cup, and attempted throwing my body into the air, using it as a lever.

40 Something was wrong. It was more difficult than it appeared from a distance. I tried again. Nothing happened. I sat down with the pole across my legs to think things over.

Then I remembered something I had watched Dudley doing through the binoculars. He measured down from the end of the pole with his fingers spread wide. That was it, I had to hold it closer to the end.

45 I tried it again. This time the pole lifted me several feet off the ground. My body sailed across the grass in a neat arc and I landed on my toes. I was a natural!

I do not know how long I was out there, running up and down the cinder path, thrusting my body further and further through space, tossing myself into the pit like a mussel shell thrown across the bayou.

50 At last I decided I was ready for the real test. I had to vault over a cane barrier. I examined the pegs on the wooden poles and chose one that came up to my shoulder.

I put the barrier pole in place, spit over my left shoulder, and marched back to the end of the path. Suck up your guts, I told myself. It's only a pole. It won't get stuck in your stomach and tear out your insides. It won't kill you.

55 I stood at the end of the path eyeballing the barrier. Then, above the incessant racket of the crickets, I heard my name being called. Rhoda . . . the voices were calling. Rhoda . . . Rhoda . . . Rhoda . . . Rhoda.

I turned toward the house and saw them coming. Mr. Marcus and Dudley and Bunky and Calvin and Lauralee and what looked like half the wedding. They were climbing the fence, calling my name, and coming to get me. Rhoda . . . they called out. Where on earth have you been? What on earth are you doing?

I hoisted the pole up to my shoulders and began to run down the path, running into the light from the moon. I picked up speed, thrust the pole into the cup, and threw myself into the sky, into the still Delta night. I sailed up and was clear and over the barrier.

65 I let go of the pole and began my fall, which seemed to last a long, long time. It was like falling through clear water. I dropped into the sawdust and lay very still, waiting for them to reach me.

70 Sometimes I think whatever has happened since has been of no real interest to me.

*Ellen Gilchrist*



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